

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

VII.—The Wizard in His Magic Attic.

(Continued.)

"But the explosion—you have not told me when and where it occurred!"

"That, as I have said, is a government secret."

"But you stated you are not in the government employ. Therefore it can be no breach of confidence if you let me have full particulars."

"I suppose not. Very well, then. The explosion occurred after midnight on the 17th in the vault of the treasury."

The old man, in spite of the prohibition, rose uncertainly to his feet.

Jennie sprang up and said menacingly, "Stay where you are!"

"I am not going to touch you. If you are so suspicious of every move I make, then go yourself and bring me what I



"Don't look at that map!" shrieked the professor.

want. There is a map of Vienna pinned against the wall yonder. Bring it to me."

Jennie proceeded in the direction indicated. It was an ordinary map of the city of Vienna, and as Jennie took it down she noticed that across the southern part of the city a semicircular line in pencil had been drawn and, examining it more closely, saw that the stationary part of the compass had been placed on the spot where stood the building which contained the professor's studio. She paid closer attention to the pencil mark and observed that it passed through the treasury building.

"Don't look at that map!" shrieked the professor, beating the air with his hands. "I asked you to bring it to me. Can't you do a simple action like that without spying about?"

Jennie rapidly unfastened the paper from the wall and brought it to him. The scientist scrutinized it closely, adjusting his glasses the better to see. Then he deliberately tore the map into fragments, numerous and minute. He rose, and this time Jennie made no protest, went to the window, opened it, flung the fluttering bits of paper out into the air, the strong wind carrying them far over the roofs of Vienna. Closing the casement, he came back to his chair.

"Was—was any one hurt at this explosion?" he asked presently.

"Yes; four men were killed instantly; a dozen were seriously injured and are now in hospital."

"Oh, my God—my God!" cried the old man, covering his face with his hands, swaying from side to side in his chair like a man tortured with agony and remorse. At last he lifted a face that had grown more pinched and yellow within the last few minutes.

"I can tell you nothing," he said, moistening his parched lips.

"You mean that you will tell me nothing, for I see plainly that you know everything."

"I knew nothing of any explosion until you spoke of it. What have I to do with the treasury or the government?"

"That is just what I want to know."

"It is absurd. I am no conspirator, but a scientist."

"Then you have nothing to fear, Herr Seigfried. If you are innocent, why are you so loath to give me any assistance in this matter?"

"It has nothing to do with me. I am a scientist—I am a scientist. All I wish is to be left alone with my studies. I have nothing to do with governments or newspapers or anything belonging to them."

Jennie sat tracing a pattern on the dusty floor with the point of her parasol. She spoke very quietly:

"The penciled line which you drew on the map of Vienna passed through the treasury building; the center of the circle was that garret. Why did you draw that penciled semicircle? Why are you anxious that I should not see you had done so? Why did you destroy the map?"

Professor Seigfried sat there looking at her with dropped jaw, but he made no reply.

"If you will excuse my saying so," the girl went on, "you are acting very childishly. It is evident to me that you are no criminal, yet if the director of police had been in my place he would have arrested you long ago, and that merely because of your own foolish actions."

"The map proved nothing," he said at last, haltingly, "and, besides, both you and the director will now have some difficulty in finding it."

"That is further proof of your folly. The director doesn't need to find it. I am here to testify that I saw the map, saw the curved line passing through the treasury and saw you destroy what

you thought was an incriminating piece of evidence. It would be much better if you would deal as frankly with me as I have done with you. Then I shall give you the best advice I can—if my advice will be of any assistance to you."

"Yes, and publish it to all the world!"

"It will have to be published to all the world in any case, for, if I leave here without full knowledge, I will simply go to the police office and there tell all I know!"

"And if I do speak you will still go to the director of the police and tell him what you have discovered?"

"No; I give you my word that I will not!"

"What guarantee have I of that?" asked the old man anxiously.

"No guarantee at all except my word!"

"Will you promise not to print in your paper what I tell you?"

"No; I cannot promise that!"

"Still, the newspaper doesn't matter," continued the scientist. "The story would be valueless to you, because no one would believe it. There is no use in printing a story in a newspaper that will be laughed at, is there? However, I think you are honest. Otherwise you would have promised not to print a line of what I tell you, and then I should have known you were lying. It was as easy to promise that as to say you would not tell the director of police. I thought at first some scientist had sent you here to play the spy on me and learn what I was doing. I assure you I heard nothing about the explosion you speak of, yet I was certain it had occurred somewhere along that line which I drew on the map. I had hoped it was not serious and began to believe it was not. The anxiety of the last month has nearly driven me insane, and, as you say quite truly, my actions have been childish."

The old man in his excitement had risen from his chair and was now pacing up and down the room, running his fingers distractedly through his long, white hair and talking more to himself than to his auditor.

Jennie had edged her chair nearer to the door and had made no protest against his rising, fearing to interrupt his flow of talk and again arouse his suspicions.

"I have no wish to protect my inventions. I have never taken out a patent in my life. What I discover I give freely to the world, but I will not let my reputation as a scientist. I want my name to go down to posterity among those of the great discoverers. You talked just now of going to the police and telling them what you knew. Foolish creature! You could no more have gone to the central police office without my permission, or against my will, than you could go to the window and whistle back those bits of paper I scattered to the winds. Before you reached the bottom of the stairs I could have laid Vienna in a mass of ruins. Yes, I could in all probability have blown up the entire empire of Austria. The truth is that I do not know the limit of my power, nor dare I test it."

"Oh, this is a madman!" thought Jennie as she edged still nearer to the door. The old man paused in his walk and turned fiercely upon her.

"You don't believe me?" he said.

"No, I do not," she answered, the color leaving her cheeks.

The aged scientist gave utterance to a hideous chuckle. He took from one of his numerous shelves a hammer head without the handle and for a moment Jennie thought he was going to attack her, but he merely handed the metal to her and said:

"Break that in two. Place it between your palms and grind it to powder."

"You know that is absurd; I cannot do it."

"Why can't you do it?"

"Because it is of steel."

"That is no reason. Why can't you do it?"

He glared at her fiercely over his glasses, and she saw in his wild eye all the enthusiasm of an instructor enlightening a pupil.

"I'll tell you why you can't do it, because every minute particle of it is held together by an enormous force. It may be heated red-hot and beaten into this shape and that, but still the force hangs on as tenaciously as the grip of a giant. Now, suppose I had some substance, a drop of which, placed on that piece of iron, would release the force which holds the particles together. What would happen?"

"I don't know," replied Jennie.

"Oh, yes, you do!" cried the professor impatiently. "But you are like every other woman—you won't take the trouble to think. What would happen would be this: The force that held the particles together would be released, and the hammer would fall to powder like that gold you showed me, and there would be an explosion, caused by the sudden release of the power, which would probably wreck this room and extinguish both our lives. You understand that, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, here is something you won't understand and probably won't believe when you hear it. There is but one force in this world and but one particle of matter. There is only one element, which is the basis of everything. All the different shapes and conditions of things that we see are caused by a mere variation of that force in conjunction with numbers of that particle. Am I getting beyond your depth?"

"I am afraid you are, professor."

"Of course. I know what feeble brains the average woman is possessed of. Still, try to keep that in your mind. Now, listen to this: I have discovered how to disunite that force and that particle. I can with a touch fling loose upon this earth a giant whose strength is irresistible and immeasurable."

"Then why object to making your discovery public?"

"In the first place, because there are still a thousand things and more to be

learned along this line of investigation. The moment a man announces his discoveries he is first ridiculed; then, when the truth of what he affirms is proved, there rise in all parts of the world other men who say they knew all about it ten years ago and will prove it, too—at least, far enough to delude a gullible world; in the second place, because I am a humane man I hesitate to spread broadcast a knowledge that would enable any fool to blow up the universe. Then there is a third reason. There is another who, I believe, has discovered how to make this force loosen its grip on the particle—that is Keely of Philadelphia, in the United States."

"What! You don't mean the Keely motor man?" cried Jennie, laughing. "That arrant humbug! Why, all the papers in the world have exposed his ridiculous pretensions. He has done nothing but spend other people's money."

"Yes, the newspapers have ridiculed him. Human beings have, since the beginning of the world, stoned their prophets. Nevertheless, he has liberated a force that no gauge made by man can measure. He has been boasting, if you like, and has said that with a teaspoonful of water he would drive a steamship over the ocean. I have been silent, working away with my eye on him, and he has been working away with his eye on me, for each knows what the other is doing. If either of us discovers how to control this force, then that man's name will go down to posterity forever. He has not yet been able to do it, neither have I. There is still another difference between us—he appears to be able to loosen that force in his own presence; I can only do it at a distance. All my experiments lately have been in the direction of making modifications with this machine, so as to liberate the force within the compass, say, of this room; but the problem has baffled me. The invisible rays which this machine sends out and which will penetrate stone, iron, wood or any other substance must unite at a focus, and I have not been able to bring that focus nearer me than something over half a mile."

"Last summer I went to an uninhabited part of Switzerland and there continued my experiments. I blew up at will rocks and boulders on the mountain sides, the distances varying from a mile to half a mile. I examined the results of the disintegration, and when you came in and showed me the gold I recognized at once that someone had discovered the secret I have been trying to fathom for the last ten years. I thought that perhaps you had come from Keely. I am now convinced that the explosion you speak of in the treasury was caused by myself. This machine, which you so recklessly threatened to throw out of the window, accidentally slipped from its support when I was working here some time after midnight on the 17th. I placed it immediately as you see it now, where it throws its rays into midair and is consequently harmless, but I knew an explosion must have taken place in Vienna somewhere within the radius of half a mile. I drew the pencil semicircle that you saw on the map of Vienna, for in my excitement in placing the machine upright I had not noticed exactly where it had pointed, but I knew along the line I had drawn an explosion must have occurred and could only hope that it had not been a serious one, which it seems it was. I waited and waited, hardly daring to leave my attic, but hearing no news of any disaster I was torn between the anxiety that would naturally come to any humane man in my position—who did not wish to destroy life—and the fear that, if nothing had occurred, I had not actually made the discovery I thought I had made. You spoke of my actions being childish, but when I realized that I had myself been the cause of the explosion a fear of criminal prosecution came over me. Not that I should object to imprisonment if they would allow me to continue my experiments, but that doubtless they would not do, for the authorities know nothing of science and care less."

In spite of her initial skepticism, Jennie found herself gradually coming to believe in the efficiency of the harmless looking mechanism of glass and iron that she saw on the table before her, and a sensation of horror held her spellbound as she gazed at it. Its awful possibilities began slowly to develop in her mind, and she asked breathlessly:

"What would happen if you were to turn that machine and point it toward the center of the earth?"

"I told you what would happen. Vienna would lie in ruins, and possibly the whole Austrian empire and perhaps some adjoining countries would become a mass of impalpable dust. It may be that the world itself would dissolve. I cannot tell what the magnitude of the result might be, for I have not dared to risk the experiment."

"Oh, this is too frightful to think about!" she cried. "You must destroy the machine, professor, and you must never make another."

"What! And give up the hope that my name will descend to posterity?"

"Professor Seigfried, when once this machine becomes known to the world there will be no posterity for your name to descend to. With the present hatred of nation against nation, with different countries full of those unimpaired maniacs whom we call jingoes—men preaching the hatred of one people against another—how long do you think the world will last when once such knowledge is abroad in it?"

The professor looked longingly at the machine he had so slowly and painfully constructed.

"It would be of much use to humanity if it were but benevolently employed. With the coalfields everywhere diminishing, it would supply a motive force for the universe that would last through the ages."

"Professor Seigfried," exclaimed Jennie earnestly, "when the Lord permits a knowledge of that machine, to

become common property it is his will that the end of the world shall come."

The professor said nothing, but stood with deeply wrinkled brow, gazing earnestly at the mechanism. In his hand was the hammer head which he had previously given to the girl. His arm went up and down as if he were estimating its weight. Then suddenly, without a word of warning, he raised it and sent it crashing through the machine, whose splintering glass fell with a musical tinkle on the floor.

Jennie gave a startled cry, and with a low moan the professor struggled to



Then suddenly he raised it and sent it crashing through the machine.

his chair and fell rather than sat down in it. A ghastly pallor overspread his face, and the girl in alarm ran again to the cupboard, poured out some brandy and offered it to him, then tried to pour it down his throat, but his tightly set teeth resisted her efforts. She chafed his rigid hands, and once he opened his eyes and slowly shook his head.

"Try to sip this brandy," she said, seeing his jaws relax.

"It is useless," he murmured with difficulty. "My life was in the instrument, as brittle as the glass. I have!"

He could say no more. Jennie went swiftly down stairs to the office of a physician, on the first floor, which she had noticed as she came up.

The medical man, who knew of the scientist, but was not personally acquainted with him, for the professor had few friends, went up the steps three at a time, and Jennie followed him more slowly. He met the girl at the door of the attic.

"It is useless," he said. "Professor Seigfried is dead, and it is my belief that in his taking away Austria has lost her greatest scientist."

"I am sure of it," answered the girl, with trembling voice; "but perhaps after all it is for the best."

"I doubt that," said the doctor. "I never feel so like quarreling with Providence as when some noted man is removed right in the midst of his usefulness."

"I am afraid," replied Jennie solemnly, "that we have hardly reached a state of development that would justify us in criticising the wisdom of Providence. In my own short life I have seen several instances where it seemed that Providence intervened for the protection of his creatures, and even the sudden death of Professor Seigfried does not shake my belief that Providence knows best."

She turned quickly away and went down the stairs in some haste. At the outer door she heard the doctor call down, "I must have your name and address, please."

But Jennie did not pause to answer. She had no wish to undergo cross examination at an inquest, knowing that if she told the truth she would not be believed, while if she attempted to hide it unexpected personal inconvenience might arise from such a course. She ran rapidly to the street corner, hailed a fiacre and drove to a distant part of the city; then she went to a main thoroughfare, took a tram car to the center of the town and another cab to the palace.

(To be continued next Thursday.)

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